

THE OLD AND NEW IN IRISH LIFE IN ONE PLAY

Co-mopolitan Productions Has Combined Skillfully All of Ancient Glamour and Modern Romance in "Bride's Play."

A WEDDING is something that never fails to strike a responsive chord in every one—from the most casual onlooker to the best man and bridesmaids.

Doesn't one always turn to look several times at a wedding party getting into its carriages or at a bridal couple halted onto the train by merry friends or at a couple arriving at a hotel with suspiciously new baggage and registering with great éclat as man and wife?

A kindly smile follows all wedding festivities wherever they are and whoever are the participants.

That is one of the immediate points of interest of "The Bride's Play," the new Co-mopolitan production starring Marion Davies, which will be shown at Moore's Rialto Theater, this week, beginning this afternoon.

It is about a bride and, unlike those stories that depend for their big climax on the wedding itself, (which everybody can see as soon as the cast is named), this story admits from the first that there is to be a marriage. Thus it leaves the certainty that the wedding is going to be of unusual interest else it would not be disclosed.

And in spite of the aforesaid response that even the most hardened feel toward any nuptials it is an indubitable fact that the ceremony itself seldom admits of anything extraordinary. It is the same old thing, the same old bridal bouquet, the same old Lohengrin, the same old tears of the same old parents, the same old gifts, the same old journey and the same old settling in the new home with the gifts displayed when the donor is expected.

"The Bride's Play," from the story of the same name by Donn Byrne, offers some novel and unexpected developments in a wedding.

It is an aristocratic wedding, which unites the noble and patient Sir Fergus Cassidy with Aileen Barrett, the charming daughter of one of his late neighbors and life-long friends.

Sir Fergus and Aileen decide to revive the "bride's play" an old custom in the house of Sir Fergus. These two are deeply interested in the lore of their native land. The "play" means that after the ceremony is performed the men guests form a circle while the bride approaches each with the question, "Are you the one I love the best?" Naturally each shakes his head, no matter how much he would prefer to answer otherwise.

BUT—there's almost a hitch, for bursting into the circle comes one dashing cavalier in a black cloak who will not say "No!" It was like the proverbial drop of the pin. Everybody looked and listened with all his might. And the bride? That remains to be seen. Was she so easily taken off her feet? Did she welcome the intruder, though he had once meant a great deal to her? Is she made unhappy? Is there a quarrel? We will go no further, but needless to say this is a wedding that will not be soon forgotten.

Joseph Urban is responsible in "The Bride's Play" for some of the most beautiful scenic effects ever secured on the screen. He brings you back to the most enchanting spots in the Ireland of 800 years ago and over to the Ireland of today—to the wishing wells and the witches' rendezvous.

In support of Miss Davies in this picture are: Wyndham Standing, Jack O'Brien, Frank Shannon, Richard Cummings, Eleanor Middleton, Carlton Miller and others. "The Bride's Play" was directed by George Terwilliger. The scenario was written by Mildred Coslidge.

The program of subsidiary offerings will be featured by a multiple reel Christie Comedy entitled "Oh, Promise Me," starring Neal Burnes. The comedy, which is said to be one continuous laugh from start to finish, was made with the co-operation of the American Legion Post in Los Angeles and all the male members of the cast are ex-service men. An exclusive showing of recent world events as caught by Fox News camera-men will complete this portion of the bill, the entire presentation being surrounded by special orchestral numbers arranged by R. Bond Gotta, director of the famous Rialto orchestra. Flotow's "Stradella" being given as overture, with Whiting's popular waltz, "When Shall We Meet Again?" as a request encore selection.

Breaks Thumb.

CHESTER LYONS, who photographed "Back Pay," a Co-mopolitan Production, is nursing a broken thumb. Chester tried to annihilate a recalcitrant car-bacter in his automobile by means of a cold chisel and hammer. He missed.

THE "BRIDE'S PLAY" TODAY'S RIALTO FEATURE

STARS OF SCREEN GIVE VIEWS ON DRESS

Glady's Walton, Priscilla Dean, Marie Prevost, and Miss DuPont Agree That Clothes "Make Woman."

THE question as to whether or not the modern dress of women robs them of their dignity has been a much discussed one since short skirts and bright colors have reigned supreme in milady's attire. Photoplay stars, who set a criterion of dress for women and girls all over the country, give a diversity of opinion of the subject.

"Dress has more to do with a woman's manner than she ever realizes at the time," said Miss duPont. "For instance, take a woman who is alone in years, not old necessarily but about fifty, who suddenly gets it into her head she wants to look twenty. The first thing she does is to purchase a frock suitable for a slip of a girl of eighteen, wear the skirt very short, wear pumps with French heels and thin hose and stick her hair out a foot or so at the sides.

"This method of pursuing youth she does consciously, but unconsciously she assumes a sort of coy, girlish chatter and manner. What makes her do it? Why, the clothes of course. Dressed like a flapper, she can't resist acting like one, too," said the star.

"Clothes don't make a bit of difference," said Marie Prevost. "If a woman has dignity within herself she will retain it under any circumstances at any time, regardless of what she may be wearing. I have in mind an elderly woman who used to wash for our family. She was always poverty stricken because she had a large family to support, and of course she wore disreputable clothes, but she had more real dignity and poise about her than any woman I've ever known. And on the contrary I have in mind a woman of the same age who dresses gorgeously and in keeping with her years but she is absolutely void of any dignity, so from observation I would say that clothes have nothing to do with it," said Miss Prevost.

"Clothes are everything," said Gladys Walton. "When I'm cast for a part in any picture, I can never get into my role until I first get into the right clothes to go with my part. I couldn't do justice to the role of a rag-muffin of the streets were I attired in the costume of a fairy princess. I simply couldn't feel the part, and it is the same proposition in real life. I firmly and positively believe that clothes are the deciding factor when it comes to a woman's manner and temperament," said the petite star.

"When it comes to real dignity, I've seen far more in many girls of eighteen than I have in many women of sixty," said Priscilla Dean. "I have a little friend of sixteen who has always had to assume a lot of responsibility in her home and family life. Naturally she dresses very young, usually in gingham dresses, and she looks like a mere child, but she walks and talks with all the dignity in the world. Much more than her aunt who comes to visit her occasionally, and who is a woman past fifty. To my mind it isn't clothes or age either in real life or in the movies that makes or takes away a woman's poise—it's her responsibilities and whether or not she is willing to assume them."

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SHE DRIVES A BARGAIN WITH DADDY

EILEEN DREAMS OF LOVE

THE CHILDREN ADORE EILEEN



EILEEN'S DREAM MATERIALIZES

With Alan Dale at New York Theaters

(Continued from Page 6.)

plays have not reacted from Broadway. They have actually been done in Broadway theaters, where mobs of non-cult folk have wantonly enjoyed themselves. Oddly enough, the Theater Guild has not turned up its nose at the hideous offer of making money on abject Broadway. Not at all. The Theater Guild has behaved exactly like the sordid, ugly commercial managers. They have said to the Guild: "We like your play. Give it to us and we'll make cash for you"—and lo! the Guild nipped the bait! It made money—oodles of it.

I call it cruel. My artistic soul weeps as I think of it. Here is the Guild, on earth to do lovely things artistically and altruistically actually making money, as though that were a pursuit for a "cult." Oh, horror! Nor is there the slightest intention apparent on the part of the Guild as to the proper investment of that money. They do not promise it to a Home for Clever Playwrights who Loathe Broadway! The indication is that they put it into their pockets and let it go towards other productions. It is very sad. That any Guild plays should have proved to be so perniciously popular as to make money is one of the drearinesses of life.

However, the Guild has produced "Back to Methuselah," and it wallowed in the second portion of that "cycle" last Sunday night. After four hours of it in the Garrick Theater, where they "served" coffee and buns to the elect, and permitted social intercourse during the intermissions, I made one important discovery: It shall have a paragraph to itself. I discovered that.

THE Pennsylvania Station is a truly delightful resort. It is filled with the exultant metropolitan life that it is such a joy to analyze. As I sat there on Sunday night (AFTER "Back to Methuselah") I thought that the Pennsylvania station was the summum bonum. I couldn't get enough of it. How lively it was! How pungent! Oh, see the mobs rushing for their trains, all going to their little suburban homes that they own—the dear things!

Oh, behold the fat lady with the parcels squeezing herself through the gate and going home to her family. In the parcel perhaps was a new pair of trousers for little Sammy and come commodities for the house. And look at the men crowding through to get away from the naughty city, with all its temptations and ugliness. And the nice little child

dren, who had been in town to see a picture, or to visit the Hippodrome. Perhaps some of them had been martyred at the Garrick Theater, though I should hate to think it!

Jovial and elusive Pennsylvania Station! The seats seemed to me to be downy and luxurious. Look at the bookstall, filled with literature of all sorts. You can buy anything you want. Oh, and you MUST see the soda-water counter with thousands of thirsty people boozing sodas. Adjoining it is the medical department where you can purchase all sorts of things likely to cure the maladies that Eugene O'Neill dramatized!

After "Back to Methuselah" I simply felt thrilled by the Pennsylvania Station. I sat on a bench and drank in all the life happenings that I saw being enacted on all sides. It takes Shaw to boom the Pennsylvania Station. I don't say that the Grand Central wouldn't have been as delicious. But I am never called to the Grand Central. Oh, I'd go to the Grand Central or any other central to react from such an affair as "Back to Methuselah," only I merely say that I was called to the Pennsylvania to go to my Long Island chateau. I gazed at the multitude. Nobody talked about longevity. Coalition, the English question, the Irish question, and war. Not a word. Nobody seemed to all, either. No tuberculosis and no other illnesses. Take my word for it, the Penn Station is a capital reaction from the merriments of our "cults."

ONE reacts towards Broadway.

One positively yearns for some of Broadway's most atrocious plays. After "Back to Methuselah" I'd willingly have sat through Broadway productions that had bored me to the verge of extinction. "The Great Way," "The Great Broxopp," "Her Salary Man," "The Varying Shore," "The Idle Inn," "Face Value," "The Man in the Making," "Wait Till We're Married," "Like a King," "The Wren," "A Bachelor's Night,"

"The Six Fifty," "Pot Luck," "Swords," "The Right to Strike," and so on—I yearned for the entire shooting match!

Yes, one reacts towards Broadway. One returns to the debate thoroughfare in chastened spirit. One goes forward with a feeling of charity, tolerance and optimism. After all, dear old Broadway has no axes to grind. It is frankly speculative. It is usually innocuous. It is not "out" to get goats and to irritate one's skin. It is not painful under the pretext that to be painful is to be "artistic." It caters to all classes, and usually from its seething brew you can select at least one thing that fits your temperament. If you cannot, then you should take something drastic for that temperament. The "cults" should be blessed by Broadway. Many a recalcitrant Broadwayite with a fancied grievance is driven back to the Broadway fold fatigued with "cult" life. Broadway is everything that everybody has said about it, and then some, but it is a refuge from debate, endless discussion, argument and dramatized disease and suffering. And one needs it!

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EILEEN WAITS IN BRIDAL ARRAY

Gussie Played Real Life Part

GUSSIE WHITE, who is this season portraying the role of the saucy stenographer with Barney Gerard's New Show, at the Gayety Theater this week, tells an amusing story of mistaken identity which happened to her a short time ago.

Passing a certain moving picture house in New York one evening after rehearsal, and noticing a great crowd, waiting evidently for the second show, her woman's curiosity was aroused to discover the cause of the excitement. As she reached the spot, Ray, Lynch, the straight man of the company saw her and in a joking mood saluted her with:

"Hello, Mary Pickford! Going to see yourself act out?"

Immediately everybody's ears and eyes were wide open and there was a craning of necks to get a good look at the lady, whom they thought was Mary Pickford, and who was being shown in a picture that night.

Several women in the crowd were so sure it was Mary that they insisted on meeting her, and she was compelled to shake hands and kiss all the babies in the crowd, much to the amusement of Mr. Lynch, who took advantage of the excitement to make his getaway, leaving her to enjoy the situation, a situation which was most embarrassing.

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